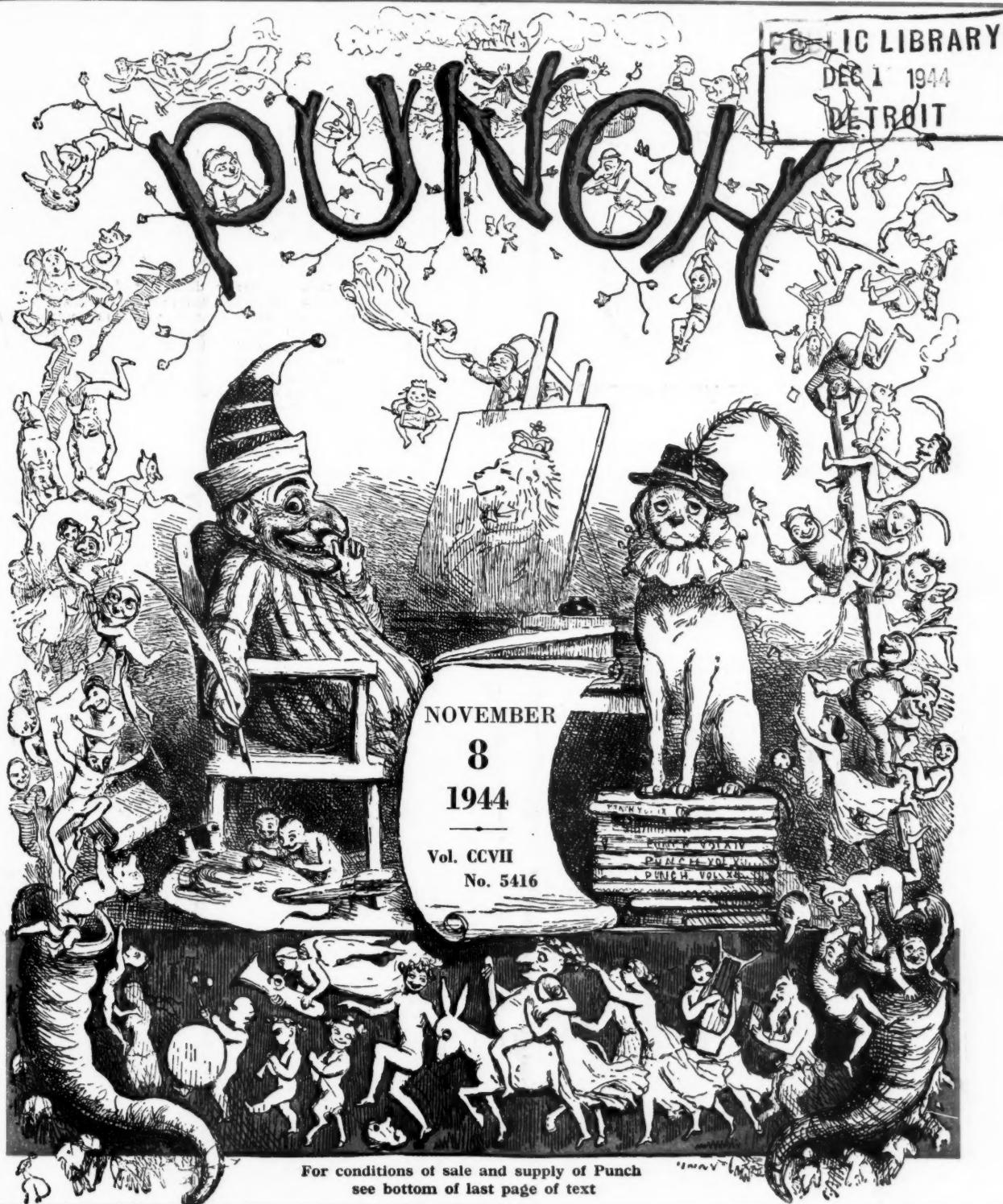


Periodical

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November 8 1944

PUNCH or The London Charivari

CHATWOOD

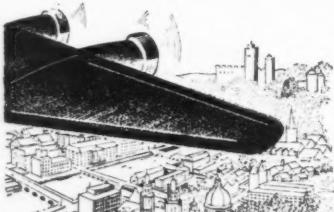
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November 8 1944

PUNCH or The London Charivari



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Obtainable in all fashionable colours. Price 1/- on Guarantee of Money refunded if not satisfied.

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Sufferers from nerve-strain derive immediate benefit from the nightly cup of Allenbrys Diet. This delicious food-drink is made from fresh creamy milk and whole wheat. It soothes digestion and brings restful sleep, enabling tired nerves to relax and recover their normal tone. Allenbrys Diet is pre-digested in manufacture and is easily assimilated.

4/6 a tin (temporarily in short supply)

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Warmly welcomed!



These Men's hand-sewn tan cape gloves from Simpsons, fur or lamb-lined, with sac wrist. Neck squares available in many colour combinations.

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This world famed Sherry (formerly called Findlater's Fino) could not be registered under that name and thereby protected from imitators. For the safeguarding therefore of our world-wide clientele we have re-named it—Findlater's Dry Fly Sherry.

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ALL THIS - AND HOUSEWORK TOO
thanks to post-war H.M.V. electrical household appliances which will be the last word in labour-saving efficiency and beauty of design.



Electric Irons • Electric Washers • Radiant Fires • Cookers • Refrigerators

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Specially prepared by
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173 New Bond Street, W.I.

Threads from the loom of time



NATIONAL SERVICE

WHEN the Nation rolled up its sleeves to tackle the job of winning the war, Courtaulds were in the front rank of the "war workers."

Courtaulds would like to give you facts and figures demonstrating the size and value of their war effort. At present, however, it must suffice to say that

they are active in the service of the Services and here you have the reason why the lovely Courtaulds rayons of pre-war days are in short supply.

Be assured however that in addition to meeting National requirements, Courtaulds technicians are also planning better and more serviceable rayons to delight you when victory is won.



COURTAULDS — the greatest name in RAYON

**HIS SHOES
HAD THEIR
'NUGGET'
this morning!**



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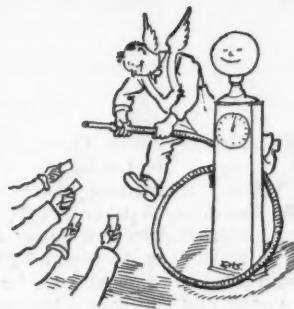
N.I.C.T.



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCVII No. 5416

November 8 1944

Charivaria

It appears that the *Volkssturm* in East Prussia—unlike our own Home Guard—are being given socks.

The reported death in Germany of a man aged one hundred and ten indicates that Hitler may still have unsuspected man-power reserves in the 1834 class.



The Emperor of Japan is seldom photographed. But he must be finding it increasingly difficult to save his face.

"A golf ball increases in temperature immediately it is hit," says a scientist. Then why on earth do so many players fan the thing for so long before missing it?

It is now authoritatively stated that newspapers will not get bigger before Christmas. News-expanders will have to rest a little longer on their padding.

A soldier declares that transport conditions in Burma are far worse than we could ever imagine them. Hence the old Eastern proverb which says that he who rides on a tiger is even more fed up with waiting for a bus than we are.

It Depends What You Mean . . .

"Florida Peninsula is battened down to-day in preparation for a 100 to a 160 miles an hour hurricane approaching slowly from Cuba."—*Daily paper*.

Far-sighted military experts who long ago forecast the beginning of Germany's eclipse, have handed their telescopes to the ones who see another war looming on the horizon after next.

An observer maintains that Italian Fascism still lingers on. Although apparently even Hitler now refuses to have much to do with him.

The Shy Besiegers

"Caught in the grip of the Nazi Government's fist and besieged by diffident elements . . ."—*Evening paper*.

As threats from all sides are intensified against Germany, we are more strongly threatened at home by barrages of anti-optimism.



The Football League recommends that footballers should have an alternative profession. Preferably one they can turn their hands to.

Floods, tempests and fogs have recently been in the news. After all is said and done, several years by the sea doesn't seem to have done the weather much good.

Evacuated Civil Servants are being ordered back to London. And some of them had only just won their spas.



Goebbels says that the Fuehrer stands like a rock in the surging tide. This is new. He wouldn't even paddle in the Channel.

"Many diseases go by the name of rheumatism," writes a doctor. But only one gets away with it.

A newly-arrived American visitor to Britain is agreeably impressed with the hospitality of the Italian residents.

Toller Applies

To Manager, Silver Turnip Night Club, London

SIR,—I am writing this letter at five minutes past midnight, there unfortunately now being a curfew in Brussels or, as you can guess, I would scorn to be alone with the night so young and the wine situation still so comparatively good.

Ah, gay, joyous Brussels, rather hungry, but ready to laugh and dance to five in the morning, as she did in the first few days of freedom!

What was your name, sweet tireless creature whom I met in Maxim's, who drank champagne as spring water, who jigged up and down with unquenchable energy in the P.T. form of dancing they do in Brussels, who later suggested a further night-club with a floor so crowded with comrade revellers that jiggling up and down became the sole dance possible, who consumed endless little egg-y drinks with apparently no tendency to be sick . . . Jeanette, Ninon?

I forget. I forget, in fact, most of it except for the rather complicated transaction with an English major, one of many English officers who sat regarding the tumult with polite and stony faces as though they were at the Zoo—a transaction by which Jeanette, as it were, changed horses and, I trust, danced on again to five in the morning.

From this it will be gathered that I appreciate and am thoroughly at home with night-life on the continent, having also been lately to Ciro's in Paris, where I exchanged meaning glances with a plump woman in a black dress for a period of an hour and a half before she was finally compelled to retire with embarrassment, knocking over a wine-glass in her confusion as she passed our table.

On the subject of wine and similar inducements to forgetfulness of their normal market value, should I be considered for an executive appointment with the post-war Silver Turnip I shall bring considerable experience from the consumer side of the working of this aspect of the business; the main one, curiously enough, being the product of my sole pre-war celebration at the Turnip when I became separated from other members of a Rugby team and in desperation requested the honour of a dance with a girl I took to be an innocent wallflower possibly left over from a birthday party but who subsequently rather resembled a desert cactus at the outset of the rainy season; the situation being complicated by the

fact that I had only that morning spent the greater part of my allowance for the expedition on a knitted waist-coat, by the further fact that I at first understood my acquaintance to be a hostess in the sense of extending hospitality on the house, and by the still further fact that I was soon oblivious to caring who she was, who I was, or who the excessively friendly old lady in five strings of pearls was who cashed my cigarette-case for two bottles of something about which I cared even less, but more definitely.

This brings me to a phase of my projected work for the Turnip, which I would take the liberty of copyrighting in the event of our contract failing to mature, this being the detection among guests of non-caring personnel whose presence would be conveyed to waiters and dance hostesses by means of secret tic-tac; this in turn facilitating the concentration with most effect of the "Turnip Tozzler," an economic cocktail of my own invention made of pure water uncoloured in a plain glass at the cost of 8/6, this constituting a type of double bluff calculated to defeat even doubtful tic-tac subjects and further contributing to national health.

As a specimen of other ideas I would introduce, should I be placed in the executive capacity to do so, I suggest the continental custom of one gay quarter of Europe, said to have been visited by Lt Stookley, who is now with me in Brussels celebrating his recent promotion which unfortunately has gone to his head so that he is at the moment downstairs in conversation with a R.A.M.C. lady doctor of captain's rank to whom I was compelled to introduce him on his interrupting and showing me, during a private tête-à-tête dinner, a Troop Bath List dating from Bayeux—this custom being the provision on each table of a telephone from which other tables can be rung up, this obviating the passing of notes through waiters or of throwing them, as occurred on one occasion when I wished to acquaint my sister before her marriage of the presence of a girl called Bubbles d'Arcy who had just come in; the note reading "Look behind you" and unfortunately falling down the neck of a dark woman in ear-rings and a snaky frock who commenced to blow smoke rings from a long holder, exerting a type of mesmerism so that I was drawn to dance with her and was finally asked to a house party in Cheshire.

Cabaret turns recently in Paris were largely supplied by talented Americans prevailed on by their friends to take the floor and render patriotic American songs like "The Cow-Cow Boogie" against the background of Allied flags round the band dais, these proving most popular. Although the few British officers present could not then be persuaded to do the same—one colonel in fact departing hurriedly, leaving half a bottle of wine and a newly-lit cigar upon it being suggested he could oblige with the "Lambeth Walk"—this idea might succeed in London during the licence of Armistice revels, saving artists' fees and promoting thirst on the part of protagonists.

Otherwise the type of professional artist favoured by myself is of the sort who tours the tables, vouchsafing snatches of song and glances to male patrons and occasionally pulling their hair; though this may be regarded as over-continental and can, in fact, cause embarrassment as in the case of a toupéed friend of my aunt in pre-war Paris.

Another sphere in which I might be helpful through knowledge gained in the present campaign is that of catering. I can acquaint the chef with the Dutch way of eating thin cold slices of bacon between bread and butter, while the serving of mashed apple might also make an interesting midnight spécialité . . .

It is now past one o'clock. Should I draw back "le camouflage" from my window I shall see the still-enforced blackness of a city yet near the war. How we long for the twinkling signs, the criss-crossing lanes of light, the moving floods of the lamps of motor-cars that speak of night-life throbbing in a capital once more at peace. I feel, sir, you are with me there; I trust we shall be long together.

I must now do a reconnaissance in search of Lt Stookley who is not so accustomed to romance and late hours.

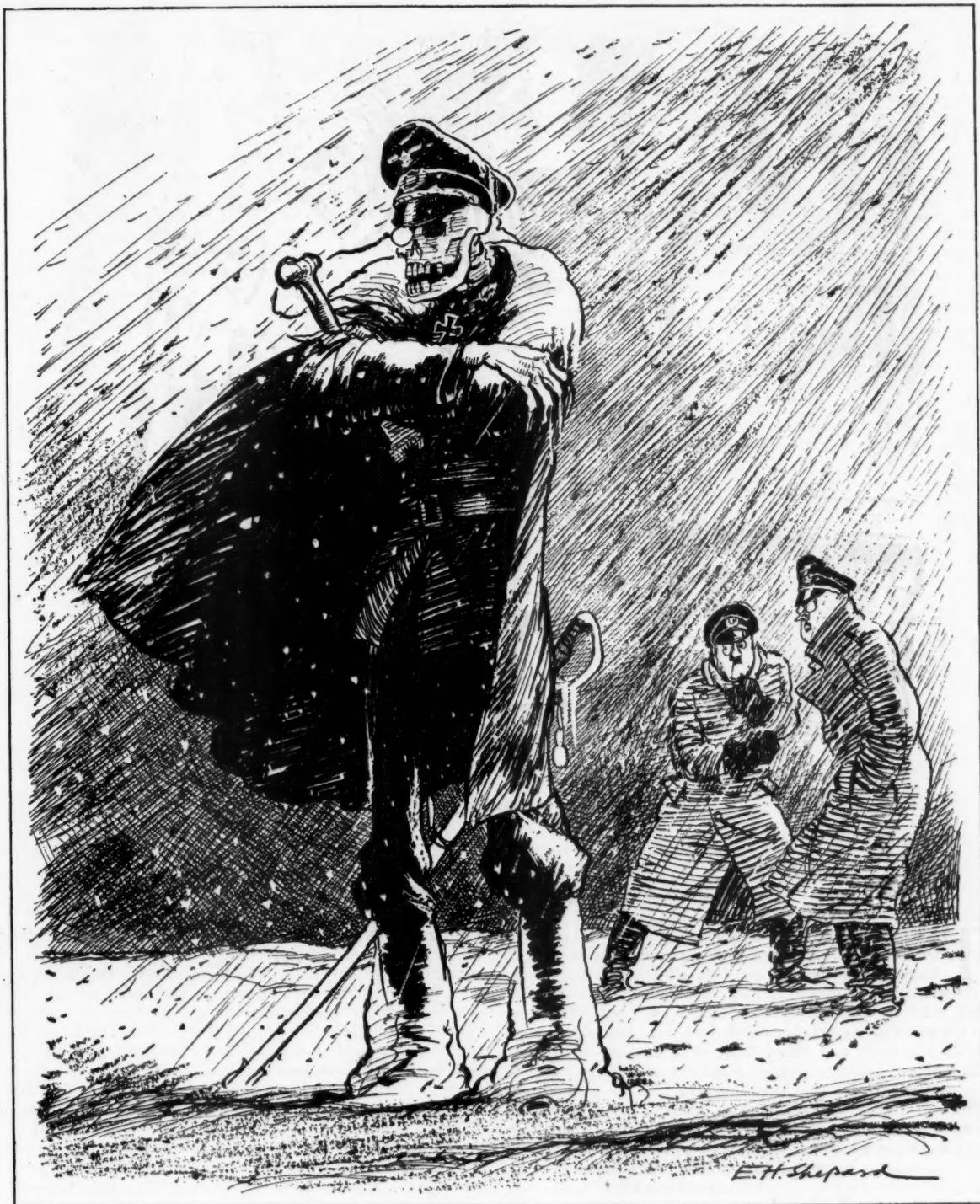
Yours faithfully,
B.L.A. J. TOLLER, Lt.

• •

Impending Apology

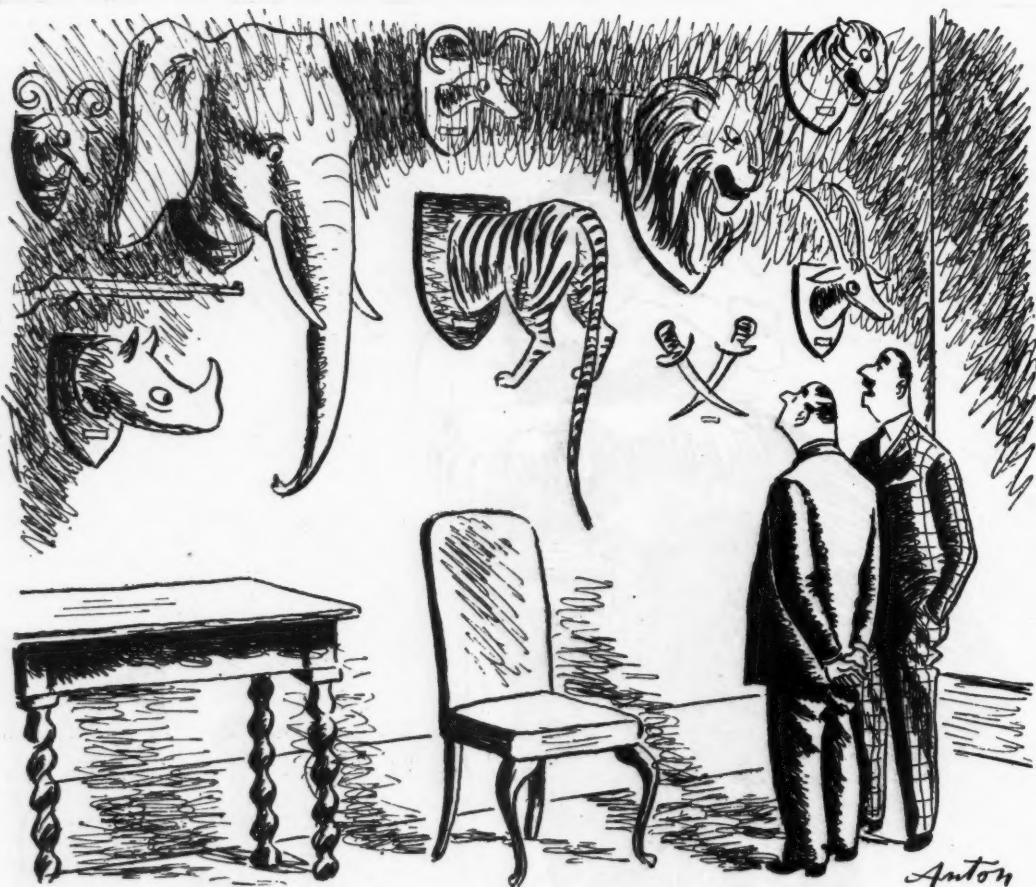
"Colonel Llewellyn, the Minister of Food, recently paid a very welcome visit to one of our South London processing depots, and in addressing the staff expressed appreciation of the way workers in the milk trade generally had carried out their duties. Despite all these difficulties we have striven to maintain the quality . . ."

Speech in company report.



FELDMARSCHALL WINTER

"He's almost the last we've got."
"Yes, but do you think he's really trustworthy?"



"That one nearly got away."

Public Speaking

THE gift of speech is a wonderful thing. It is used to distinguish humans from animals, for it is well known that humans can talk while animals cannot, except among themselves, and then only very sketchily. But, interesting as this sort of thing is, it is not getting me to the point of my article, which, as I have hinted, is about public speaking, and this brings us to another distinction altogether. Leaving animals right out of it, psychologists say we can divide the human world into those who can speak in public and those who cannot, and those who cannot into those who have to sometimes and those who have got by so far. But none of us can really escape public speaking in some form or other; so I hope even the most taciturn of my readers will attend to what I have to say.

Statisticians tell us that most people begin their public speaking at a very early age by standing in a line and saying "here" or something when their name is read out. Those of my readers who can remember this will also remember that they were a bit nervous of making their "here" too high or too low, but that otherwise it was plain

sailing. It is not until people begin reciting that they really come up against things. A fair proportion of mankind begins reciting even before it goes to school, but to a rather special, or bludgeoned, audience; reciting does not begin to be professional until it is done at unknown faces and a little above ground level. I do not know how many of my readers can remember reciting; possibly very few, because the subconscious shuts down pretty quickly on such incidents. But most people can remember the titles and certain lines of the poems they recited, and how they had to shade their eyes, clench their fists and so on at the right places. Psychologists have no idea why school recitations call for this sort of thing, but think it may be meant to symbolize fierce activity and thus help to justify the school fees.

When once out in the world, most people tend to drop eye-shading and fist-clenching, and indeed the whole business of reciting; but it would not be like human nature not to bear some traces of the process through life, and so we get poetry-quoters. Poetry-quoting consists of quoting

more than three consecutive lines of a poem in such a voice that the listeners find themselves rapt, or not supposed to shuffle their feet. The number of poetry-quoters is limited because the number of people with the necessary nerve and memory is limited, but many people like to throw a line or two into their conversation, and psychologists say that even single-liners place themselves an inch or two above mental ground level. One way and another, there is quite a lot of public speaking in ordinary life. It counts as public speaking when anyone says anything more than fifty words long, because to achieve this length means that the others are too interested or not interested enough to stop us, and therefore constitute an audience. Reading aloud comes between making a very long speech and being literary. Telephoning comes between public speaking and being overheard; the reactions of those telephoning towards others in the room being as nice a mixture of exhibitionism and reserve as psychologists are ever likely to see.

I do not know if it is generally recognized that asking for something in a shop counts as public speaking, but it may seem so to anyone doing it on certain occasions, notably when there are other people in the shop and we are asking for something which we think may give the others the idea of asking for it too. This is perhaps not so much public speaking as enlightenment, but it entails a certain amount of voice production, the technique being not to ask for it loudly enough to give the others the idea of brushing us aside and getting there first; also, if we are too confident, we may look silly when we find that the shop has not got what we asked for. But it is an inescapable truth that people with other people standing behind them in a shop feel rather as if they had brought the others along and were shopping for them—psychologists think it is just bossiness, but there it is—and it is also an inescapable truth that if we do not speak up the shop may tick us off for wasting time; both factors which tend to step the voice up a bit. This sort of speaking therefore calls for a nicely modulated voice and no frills to the sentences, and is worth study.

Now for a more recognized form of public speaking; the sort of lecture which is followed by questions from the audience. This is one of the most interesting entertainments known to humanity. Those shyer members of the audience who are determined not to speak can never be quite sure that they may not suddenly find themselves doing so—and, as these people are probably near the back of the hall it is going to be difficult for them to make themselves heard, which makes it all the more likely that they will find themselves trying to—while for the tougher members it is, naturally, a field-day. Psychologists do not know what the tough, or articulate, think about when they are listening to this sort of lecture, but they say that the shy, or normally inarticulate, spend the time thinking up vital questions which will qualify them as public benefactors even if they say nothing. They express this benefaction by looking specially when the first chair scrapes back, and thereafter relapsing into their old selves. As for those who do get up and speak from the audience, the interesting thing about them, to the others, is that they are getting up and speaking. When they sit down again those who can see them are always mildly fascinated to see that they look like other people, and those sitting next to them feel more conspicuous than if they themselves had done the talking. But the real tribute from the inarticulate to the articulate comes when the audience leaves the hall, in the form of those suspicious glances by which human nature, from the beginnings of history, has shown its esteem for its fellows.

The speaker on the platform is always in a different class from amateurs in the audience. But before any lecture or talk from a platform begins the audience can never quell a slight wave of sympathy which means no more than that human nature is being typical and imagining that it is standing on the platform and feeling as nervous as it naturally would. This wave does not last many seconds after the speaker begins speaking, because half a dozen audible words will convince the audience that here is a professional, and now they can sit back. But sometimes there are other people besides the speaker on the platform, sitting and looking at the audience all through the speech. This, to the audience, is a very brave thing to do; especially if they are sitting there waiting to speak. Here again the feeling does not last long, though only because it is difficult to keep up. Other points of automatic interest to human nature in lecture-halls are any furniture such as chairs and tables on the platform—these are interesting in the way that furniture in a play is; they are equally real and unreal. Most interesting of all is anything incongruous left over from some other occasion, like a drum with cymbals or the Kings of England on a blackboard. This is the sort of thing human nature loves; for it makes both the lecture and the drum or blackboard quite spectacularly exciting.

Finally, to go right down to the other end of the scale, I must mention a very small form of public speaking which nevertheless had its place in society once and may again. It consisted of being chosen from all the other people in the car to unwind the window and ask for directions. It may have been just because we were sitting near the most convenient window, but human nature could never quite believe that it was not due to its own peculiar *savoir faire* and pleasing voice; an illusion somewhat fostered by the other people in the car, so as to be ready for next time.

*Punch Comforts Fund,
10, Bouvierie Street,
London, E.C.4.*

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I read your plea
for Comforts for the men at sea.
Such interest in the boys in blue
reflects much credit upon you.
I have no heavy underpants
or such-like to supply their wants.
No sea-boot stockings do I own,
My "woollen goods" are all outgrown.
I send no scarf—I cannot knit,
But something else I do, to wit:
write cheques. 'Twas your alternative
if I had nothing else to give.
And your request in kindly verse
would loosen strings of any purse.

You also say "And may we plead
That he gives twice who gives with speed?"
So here's one giving in a hurry
By Air Mail,

Truly yours,
WILL CURRIE.
Santiago de Chile.

At the Pictures

VARYING SPEEDS

PROBABLY you need no telling to go to see *Hail the Conquering Hero* (Director: PRESTON STURGES); for even apart from the general acclamation the picture has received, "Sturges" as a word of good omen has by now penetrated to circles of film-going in which no other director's name has been heard since that of D. W. Griffith. Another few years, and we may even hope to get local cinema-managers to put it on the posters for the benefit of people who don't remember titles.

In this instance, luckily, the title really identifies the picture; which is about the hailing of a conquering hero, though no genuine hero happens to be the occasion of it. EDDIE BRACKEN appears as a poor little man, invalided out of the Marines, who has been pretending in his letters to be on overseas service; he is dragged home in a borrowed uniform by some real Marines who exuberantly establish his heroic reputation, and the delighted townspeople make him mayor. Such is the outline of the fable, which is worked out in terms of satire with spots of sentimentality in the Sturges manner. The spots are bigger this time than they were in *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek*; I think regrettably, but no doubt these are chiefly responsible for an opinion in some quarters that this picture is the better of the two. It depends, I suppose, on whether one regards the sentimental touch as evidence of the film-maker's warmth and humanity, or as evidence of his feeling that here would be a good place to slip in a little "warmth" and "humanity." I think highly enough of Mr. STURGES as a director to believe that he knows exactly what he is doing all the time.

Anyway, the picture is first-rate entertainment, a pattern of film-making and not to be missed. It has every kind of laugh, from slapstick to verbal wit; it is admirably played; it exemplifies some of the

most brilliant handling of sheer noise that I have ever heard (the uproarious "town welcome" scenes are wonderfully managed); and it goes at a tremendous pace. Oh, the pleasures of speed in a comic film!

There are other signs of the nineteen-



[*Hail the Conquering Hero*]

A HERO'S RETURN

Chairman of Reception Committee	FRANKLIN PANGBORN
Mr. Noble	RAYMOND WALBURN
Woodrow	EDDIE BRACKEN
Judge Dennis	JIMMY CONLIN
Sergeant	WILLIAM DEMAREST
Mrs. Noble	ESTHER HOWARD



[*Between Two Worlds*]

SHADES

Examiner	SYDNEY GREENSTREET
Pete	GEORGE TOBIAS

forties in *Between Two Worlds* (Director: EDWARD A. BLATT), the new adaptation of that play of the nineteen-twenties *Outward Bound*, besides the fact that it now begins in an air-raid and thus allows everybody to be killed by a bomb. For instance, I don't remember that *Tom Prior* used to be

that typical modern hero, the hard-drinking newspaperman cynic with a taste for self-dramatization. I may be wrong: it may be that innumerable films have changed our attitude towards this character; but it hardly seems to me that JOHN GARFIELD's performance here would have fitted into the play twenty years ago.

However, since it fits perfectly well into the film, that doesn't matter. The action, as you no doubt remember, takes place on board a ship bearing a number of newly-dead people into the next world (you observe that here is another title with an unusually close reference to the story); as always with these fortuitous groups in fiction, they have been chosen like the guinea-pigs in a Gallup Poll, to give a cross-section of the (dramatically effective) public, and they are not really very much more than types. When they have displayed their natures

enough to engage our sympathy or arouse our disapproval, "The Examiner" (SYDNEY GREENSTREET) comes on board to judge them and give his verdict, which agrees in every case, by a strange coincidence, with our own. . . . A comfortable, uplifting, highly moral picture, with some good acting, some good dialogue, some interesting visual effects in the cutting; but for my taste too slow.

The simple fun this time is not very bright. ABBOTT and COSTELLO use all the old slapstick as a pair of crazy plumbers *In Society* (Director: JEAN YARBROUGH), and have their moments. *Fiddlers Three* (Director: HARRY WATT) is, considering the director, disappointing. There are a few good cracks, but such pains as were expended on the script seem to have been devoted to the thinking-out of double-meanings.

R. M.

Gentlemen Prefer Bonds.

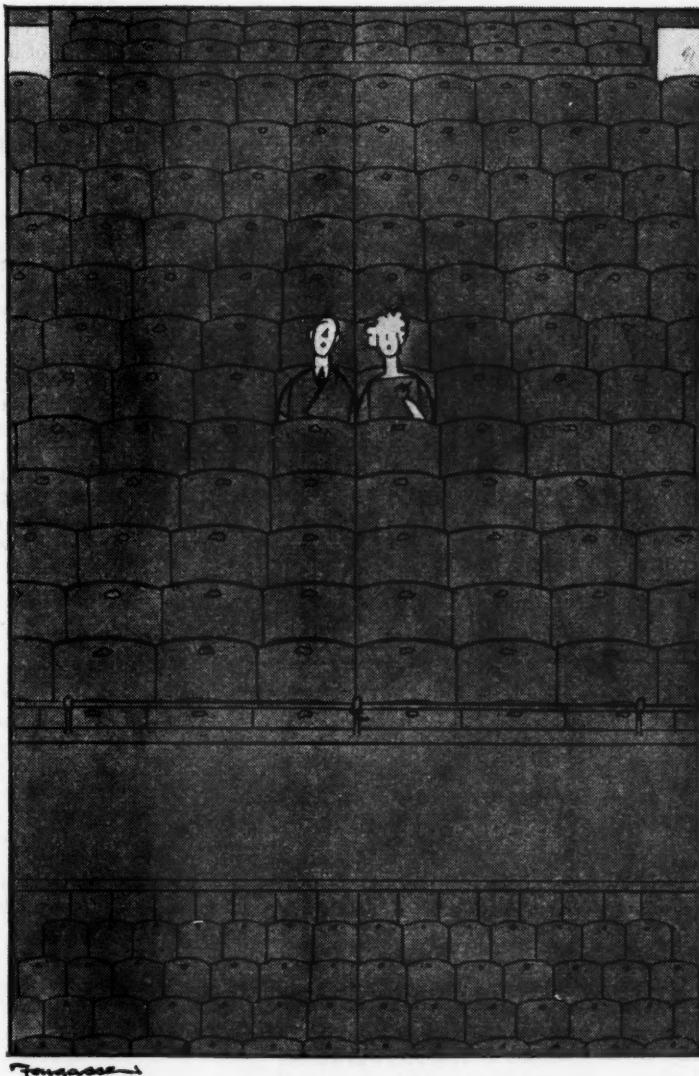
If you are observant, dear reader, you may have noticed an alarming development in the British attitude to money. I refer of course to the general unwillingness to accept it at its face value. A few years ago it was unthinkable that a gentleman should count his change. Openly, that is. Sometimes after pocketing it he would engage the shop-assistant in conversation until his thumb-nail had identified and approved each coin in the dark wash-leather recesses—but the atmosphere of trust and indifference was always carefully preserved. A male's carelessness in petty cash transactions and a sweet disorder in the dress-allowance of a female were the hall-marks of gentility.

I have a coin before me as I write. It is a tarnished half-crown. The milled edge is worn smooth and the king's head is almost obliterated by pock-marks—dents made by thousands of eye-teeth. That coin is symbolic.

Watch a conductress on a London bus. She takes your coin, tests it for metal content, checks its date for historical inaccuracies (forgers, I am told, make the most appalling howlers) and announces its denomination in a loud voice. In this way she assures herself of witnesses should a dispute arise. Then, she looks at you very meaningfully. Not until you mutter "Yes, half a crown," and so confirm the analysis does she proceed to the business of puncturing and issuing a ticket. Notes do not trouble her quite so much. A swift inspection against the light is usually enough. Genuine editions exhibit a standard watermark and as with all good works of fiction a thread runs through them.

You can judge the length of a conductress's service by the way she tackles these problems. At first she tends to bite the notes and hold coins up to the light. There follows a period of acute lack of confidence. At this stage she stops the bus frequently in order to submit doubtful coins to the pavement test. Confidence begins to return when she has been left behind a few dozen times by an irate driver. A really efficient conductress can identify a counterfeit coin by the colour of a passenger's cheeks.

Now watch a man withdrawing a sum of money from the bank. The cashier hands over the notes and the



"I've often noticed that, if the film's a really good one, you don't bear nearly so much coughing and fidgeting among the audience."

customer licks his middle finger and counts them methodically. To-day, only the debtor shrinks from this precaution.

What does it all mean? That we are becoming more mercenary? I hope not. That we are losing our gentility? I am afraid so. In the last six months I have encountered only one person who could really be called a gentleman. He was the bald little back-bencher in the House of Commons who commented on the Financial Secretary to the Treasury's announce-

ment that the War had cost £24,000,000,000 with the simple and gentlemanly words "Meaningless symbols."

• •

Ahem

*From Statutory Rules and Orders 1944
No. 1198:*

"The Food (Sector Scheme) Order 1943, as amended (a), shall be further amended by inserting in the Second Schedule thereto (which sets out the articles of food and drink to which the provisions of the said Order do not apply) the entry 'Nuts'."



"... but it must have been pork—we bad apple-sauce."

The Phoney Phleet

LIII—H.M.L.C.G. "P"

HOW it came that Landing Craft Gun "P" for
Pruins
Omitted to share in a recent Assault?
And why is the sea-front at Bingeport in ruins?
And what is the low-down? And whose is the fault?

The craft was assigned to take part in the landing;
Lieutenant Bazooka was ready and keen:
And D Day was Thursday: and yet notwithstanding
She failed. Why? It starts with a groaning marine.

The leatherneck groaned on the Saturday morning.
The cause was the load he was lumping aboard—
A sack weighing hundreds of pounds, with the warning
"Don't open these Orders till told to! First Lord."

On Monday the signal came, "Open! Take Action!"
Some thirty large volumes were bared to the gaze.
The Orders themselves were no more than a fraction,
The bulk were Amendments—or What To Erase.

All Tuesday and Wednesday, forgoing nutrition,
Bazooka assisted by most of his crew
Was making Amendments without intermission.
But Thursday was D Day; they wouldn't get through.

Bazooka expressed himself clearly and strongly.
"It blank well appears that I blanking well can
Do either the whole operation half wrongly
Or half of it strictly according to plan."

The latter alternative seemed on reflection
To offer at least a scintilla of light;
The difficult thing was to make the bisection—
Which half of the plan was he going to do right?

Should he fire half his guns at one half of the target,
Or poop off the lot, but in double the time?
Should he not go to France, but stop somewhere near
Margate?
Or do the whole trip, but (I can't find a rhyme)?

At last he decided on halving the distance
And leaving the rest at one hundred per cent.—
He'd fight like a tiger, he'd smash all resistance.
Be utterly total—as far as he went.

Well that's all there is. One of life's little gambles.
He did what he honestly thought was the best.
But that's why the sea-front at Bingeport's a shambles
And that's why Bazooka is having a rest.

Back to School

GOING back to schoolmastering again after five years in the Army isn't going to be so easy. If, as an officer, you want to make a success of a lecture to your platoon you have only to say "Take your caps off and smoke if you want to" and you are assured of an appreciative and respectful silence for at least half an hour. At school such a remark would be received with appreciation all right, but not with respect. And it certainly would not produce silence. Can't you imagine it?

"Sir. Have you got a match?"

"Sir. Have an Egyptian, sir?"

"Oh, sir. Mayn't I smoke a pipe? At home I'm always allowed to, sir!"

"But, sir . . ."

"But, SIR . . ."

Again, in the Army, you can earn an easy reputation as a humorist if you start off with one funny story, slightly risky if you are well known to your men. But only slightly. It's one of the strange characteristics that a private soldier shares with a schoolboy that while they both possess the most horrible minds, and amongst themselves use the most monotonously obscene language—yet if an officer or a schoolmaster ventures to tell them one-quarter of what he thinks of them they are both deeply (and genuinely) shocked! And in a sense of outraged virtue they will rush to their Company Commander or Housemaster for sympathy. Of the two the schoolboy is immeasurably the greater prig in this respect and even the most border-line story is taboo.

Then again, in an Army lecture, there will be no interruptions or awkward questions to put you out of your stride. For if anyone did dare to interrupt there would be a loud bark from your Platoon Sergeant: "Don't speak while the officer's speaking. Any questions at the end." And when at the end you say that you are ready to answer all questions that the platoon may have, you well know



"... and here's one for the road."

that they will take the hint, and leap to attention, and file out of the room in silence. Not so the schoolboy. A school lecture is worse for the lecturer than the ordeal of being cross-examined by a ruthless K.C. when you have a guilty conscience. It's worse, because there are no rules about personal innuendo and there is no judge to intervene to ensure fair play. I don't believe that I shall ever be able to keep boys in order again without a Platoon Sergeant at the back of the room; and I don't believe that my employers will approve of that, even if I engage him at my own expense!

Nor do I believe that after so long a period of mental stagnation I shall ever be able to teach again, unless the text-books are rewritten on the lines of the Army weapon-training pamphlets. If that were done it would be so easy. Take, for instance, a Geometry book. It would run something like this:

LESSON 35. THE ISOSCELES TRIANGLE

1. Stores needed

- (a) Blackboard and chalk

OR

Prepared triangles cut out of wood in the shapes given in para. 2 below.

- (b) Paper and pencil for each member of the squad.

2. Introductory Talk

"Now the lesson we are going on with this morning is the ISOSCELES triangle."

Note.—Write the word in large capitals on the blackboard.

"What is a triangle, Smith?"

Note.—Here the instructor should elicit, by question and answer, the properties of a triangle. Draw on the blackboard, or hold up for inspection, four triangles.



"Now which is the one that is isosceles?"

And so on. I won't weary you with the whole lesson, but it will of course proceed through the correct sequence of military instruction, that is:

Introduction
Demonstration by the Instructor
Explanation
Practice by the squad
Recapitulation

And in my new text-book all this will be set out word for word, including the viva voce questions and the homework and the answers to both. And the correct jokes. It will fit in the crown of my mortar-board for occasional reference, just as the regular Army sergeant puts the weapon-training pamphlet face upwards in his cap.

But I know the older generation of schoolmasters won't approve of this method. I only wish I was young enough to stay on in the Regular Army.

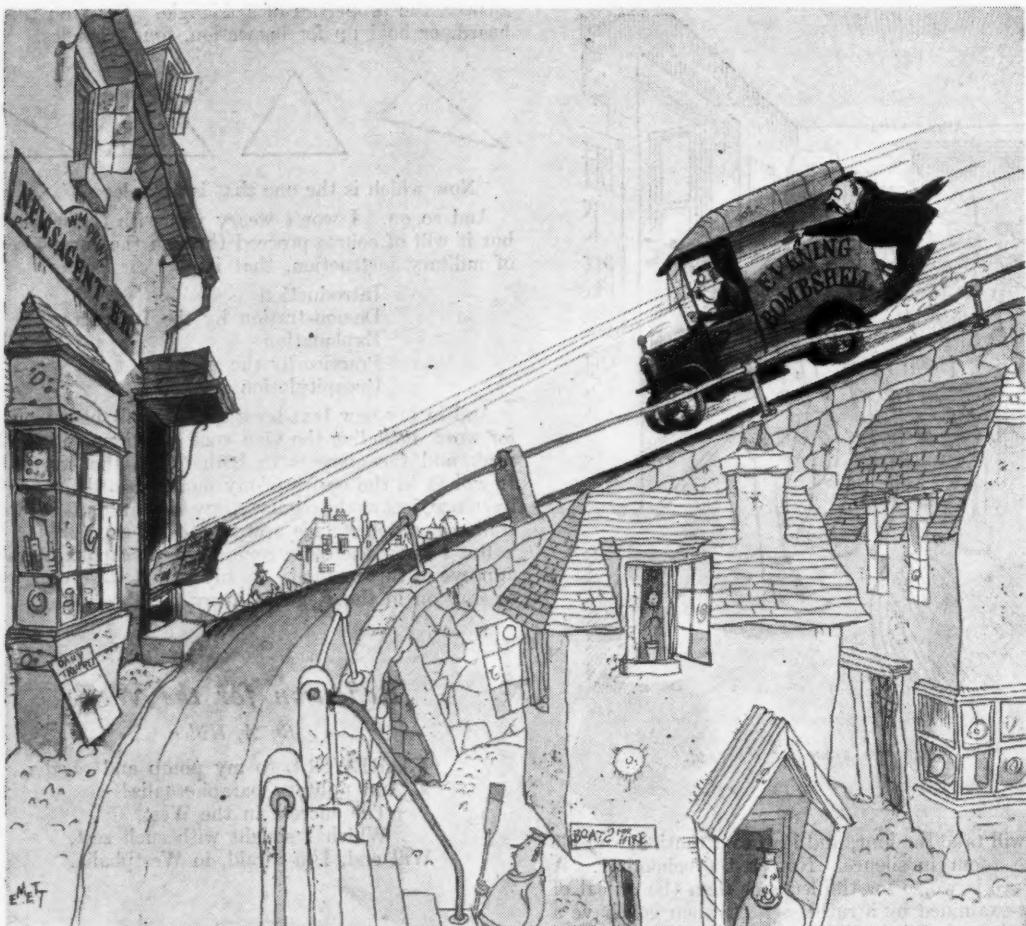
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Reflection for the Week

By A. Hitler

FAREWELL to my pomp and regalia,
And military paraphernalia!
The success in the West,
Which I sought with such zest,
Will end, I'm afraid, in Westphalia.





"Now—a steady run up—old 'er smack on the target . . . O.K.—bombs gone!"

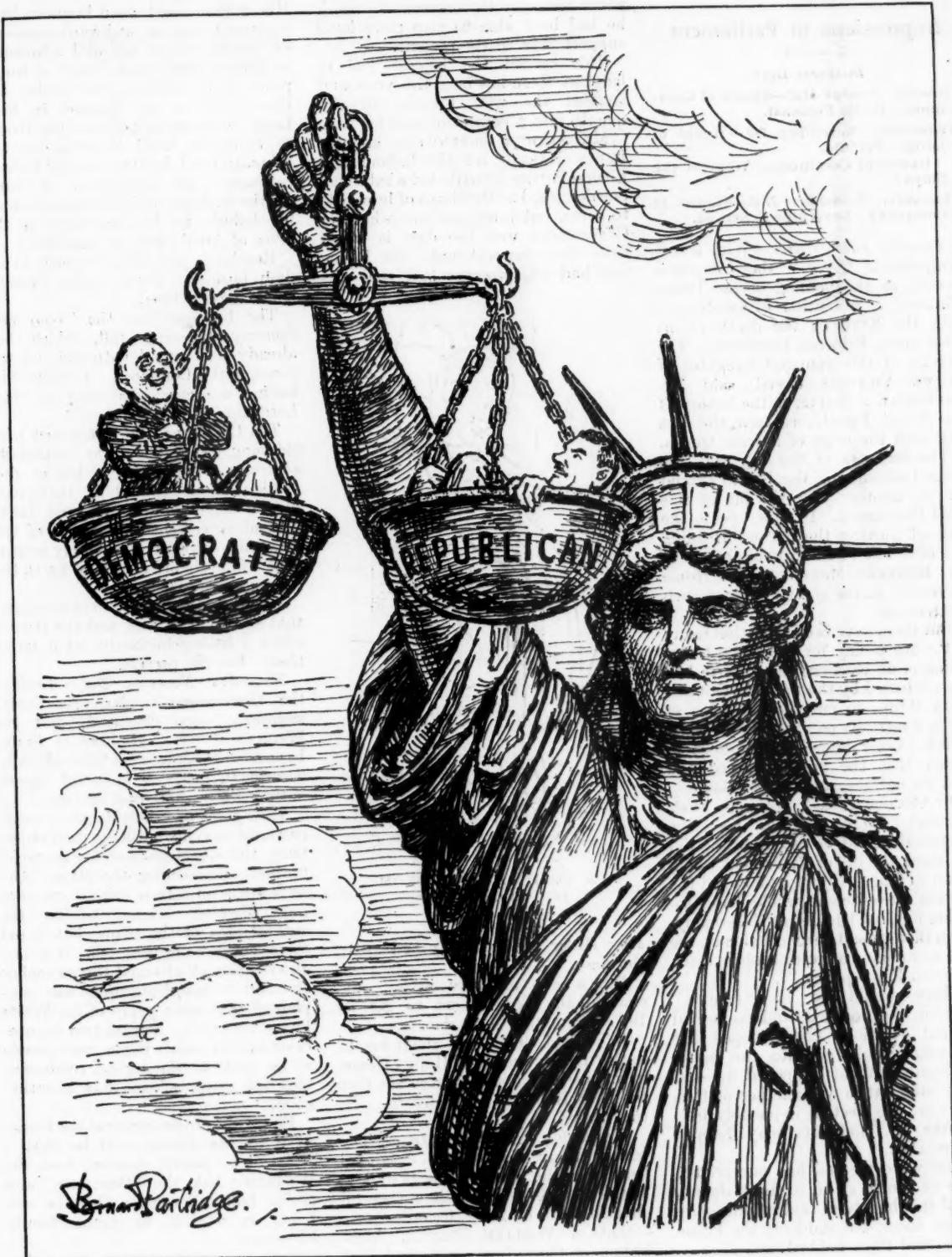
I Remember Trains

I REMEMBER trains,
Sleek, swift and schedule-conscious trains,
Ex Euston, Paddington, King's Cross, Waterloo,
Punctually departing and arriving *do.*—
Well, generally *do.*; one had to expect
Those headstrong "flyers" to be sometimes checked.

I remember trains
Straight into which one got
And, what is more surprising, sat.
(Believe it or not,
It was as easy as that.)
Bountiful trains with open, welcoming doors
And long, cool, uninhabited corridors
Down which, through vans that guards could call
their own
Should they (like Garbo) want to be alone,
We leisurely lurched towards that bourne afar,
The Restaurant Car.

I remember trains
With corner seats—how long ago it seems
Since Wall's Distemper mingled with my
dreams!—
Compartments into which no congeries surged
At sober junctions, and from which emerged
At journey's end, like well-behaved Jack Horners,
Just you and I, dear stranger, from our corners.
Oh, how my soul intemperately thirsts
For those strong silences that wrapped the Firsts!
(No need to warn us then in solemn words
Of "careless talk"—not even in the Thirds.)
That cloistered calm, that other-world reserve!—
How they were heightened by the vigour and
verve
Of rhythmical wheels . . .

Those were indeed the days.
Pray Bradshaw we travel now impermanent ways.



THE WEST WEIGHS UP.

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, October 31st.—House of Commons: Battle Forecast.

Wednesday, November 1st.—House of Lords: Tribute.

House of Commons: What of the Ships?

Thursday, November 2nd.—House of Commons: Beveridge is Served.

Tuesday, October 31st.—With a soft sympathetic "Aye!" the Commons passed, at the bidding of the Prime Minister, a resolution of condolence with the KING on the death of his great-aunt, Princess BEATRICE. The passing of this youngest daughter of QUEEN VICTORIA closed, said Mr. CHURCHILL, a chapter in the history of the Royal Family, severed the last link with the reign of a great Queen.

The business of the day was the Second Reading of the Bill to extend for yet another year the life of this aged Parliament. In other years the task of moving the Second Reading has been left in the capable hands of Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, the Home Secretary, whose special concern such matters are.

But there have been signs that many M.P.s are pining for the blood-transfusion of an election, and a move had been detected by the watchful Government Whips to cut the extension of life to a mere six months. So the Chief Witch Doctor himself came down to ensure that the potion worked and that no half-measures were taken.

Mr. CHURCHILL said, soothingly, that, although twelve months was the suggested period of extension, he did not think the life of Parliament would go on so long. Anyway, he hoped the present Government would hang together until we had defeated Germany, when there would be an election on the well-worn lines of setting about each other on Party policy.

There would be no "coupon" election, he promised, and no rushed "khaki" election. And he hoped that everyone would go into the battle as friends. What happened in—and after—the battle was another matter. Anyway, the election is possibly nine months off, and lots may happen before then.

And when we had had our private fight we should go on to finish Japan.

All this had been said in unusually solemn tones, but suddenly the Prime Ministerial Puck bobbed up.

Still with a very straight face, he announced that, having served for forty-two years in the House, he had

never seen any Government to which he had been able to give more loyal support than to the present.

This earned the biggest yell of laughter there has been this year, and enabled the wily Premier to slip quietly into a peroration and his seat.

Mr. ARTHUR GREENWOOD and Sir PERCY HARRIS, for the Labour and Liberal Parties, contributed what someone described as the shape of brickbats to come, but promised that whatever Government won the day, it would have their support until the Rising Sun had set, however long that was

His wisdom and good-humour have averted many an awkward moment, his nimbleness of wit and adroitness in debate have made many a tough proposal workable. And to-day the House said a sad farewell to him. Lord CRANBORNE spoke for the House as a whole, Lord SAMUEL for the Liberals, Lord ADDISON for his Labour colleagues, the Archbishop of YORK for the Bishops, and Lord LANG added his tribute to his successor in the office of Archbishop of Canterbury.

Resolutely the House turned to its daily business. It was as Dr. TEMPLE would have wished.

The business was the Town and Country Planning Bill, which has already had an adventurous journey through the Commons. It looks like having a pretty good time in their Lordships' House too.

The Commons were concerned with shipping, war and post-war—especially post-war. There was a lot of discussion about the ships that pass in the night (and day), and fairly general agreement that many of the ships that have served so nobly in wartime will probably not stand up to the demands of peace-time.

However, the Government promised that all would be well, and the House, albeit a little reluctantly, let it go at that. For the present.

Thursday, November 2nd.—To-day, the Government's plans for social insurance were discussed, and Sir WILLIAM JOWITT, Minister of Social Insurance Designate (as he is officially described), made a powerful speech outlining the whole vast scheme.

Then a lot of other Members made powerful speeches outlining their objections, and others made no less powerful orations commanding the plans. And so it went on. It is fair to say that most Members seemed to like the general idea of the plans, but found them curate's-eggish. Sir WILLIAM JOWITT himself changed the metaphor and said various deputations had complained that some pages of his White Paper were grey. But no two deputations agreed which pages were grey—so he came to the logical conclusion that the whole scheme was tolerably good.

First-fruit of the approval the House gave to the scheme will be that a Bill will be passed severing from Sir WILLIAM's title the "Designate" and giving him full rank. Then he will bring in a Bill to grant family allowances.

And then the whole of the other proposals will be lumped into a great Bill. But of that more . . . much more . . . anon.



A COLD DOUCHE FROM
DOWNING STREET

after Hitler and Company had bitten the dust.

Which was all very matey, and enabled the Government to get its Bill after quite a short debate.

In view of all the talk about breaking up the Governmental Happy Home, it was perhaps not inappropriate that the next Bill dealt with divorce. It, too, passed.

Wednesday, November 1st.—There was a vacant seat on the Episcopal benches in the House of Lords to-day. There was absent from it a cheerful chuckle and a beaming, friendly figure—that of WILLIAM TEMPLE, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had died on the previous Thursday.

The House, as noble Lords truly said, will not be the same without him.



"Pshaw!—mechanization!"

What's So Funny?

WHEN I have been on duty at the Ministry all Saturday night, and the man due to relieve me on Sunday morning at nine has warned me that he may not arrive until nine-fifteen because of the Sunday trains, and does not in fact arrive until nine-forty, I do not get back to my furnished rooms until about ten-forty-five.

I am not, as I squelch up the wet gravel path, in a mood to make jokes.

It was a surprise to me, then, last Sunday, when, as I reached my door at about eleven o'clock (because of the Sunday trains) a joke sprang to my lips unbidden. There, beside the sodden outside door-mat, were two pint bottles of milk. I decided that as I had to go in, and so had they, we might as well make up a party, the three of us.

It would save Mrs. Childs the trouble of fetching in those bottles, for one thing, but it would also give me the chance to say, as I put my stubby morning face round the kitchen door, "I have come home with the milk."

That was the joke that sprang unbidden to my lips.

It was not the sort of joke which would endanger the roof of the Holborn Empire, I was perfectly aware of that, but it was a joke, and a joke-analyst would have found virtue in it. To say one thing and very obviously mean another is a form of joke long established, and there was additional fun in this one, (a) because of the roguish implication that I had spent the night in reckless gaiety, which was far from the truth, and (b) because I was not really coming home with the milk, which had come three hours ago: the milk was coming home with me.

Everything considered, I thought, it was not a bad joke.

My only misgiving—and it came upon me suddenly, even as I entered the house with the bottles—was that my landlady would not see it.

I recalled that six months before, when I had first called on Mrs. Childs and offered myself humbly as her paying guest, I had been uncertain whether her name was Child or Childs.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

I like to have these things right, so I asked her which; when she said "Childs" my irrepressible sense of fun bubbled up and I said "Thank you. I only wanted to know whether it was one Child or several." To which she replied, "Only one—a little girl, but she's really ever so good."

Remembering this black incident I decided as I approached the kitchen door that perhaps I had better not make my little joke after all. It would ruin my day to have it fall flat, and I had left it too late now to remould it into any more foolproof form. It was a pity, because, successfully cracked, it would have redeemed a bad start to my Sunday.

So all I said, when I handed the bottles round the door, avoiding the rapt gaze of Mrs. Childs's one little girl, who was sitting near the sink, playing with a flat-iron, was, "Here I am." That was the sort of remark with which I felt on perfectly safe ground with Mrs. Childs. And all she said was, "Oh, thanks ever so much. I see you've come home with the milk."

She didn't smile or anything—just put my half-rasher in the frying-pan; but her one little girl laughed like a drain.

J. B. B.

In France Again

III

HERE we are, at sea, after all. A small point, it may seem to you; but, let us tell you, for the last twelve hours it has been the subject of big debate.

Poor "Noik!" Or rather, Poor N.O.I.C.! Which, being interpreted, means "Poor Naval Officer in Charge, —." We were to have a quiet farewell evening in the mess. All had been arranged for the morrow. Seven Landing Craft Infantry, and four Landing Craft Tank, to sail at nine with full loads of German prisoners: so many Landing Craft This and That, so many steamers, gunboats, and so on, to come in by the afternoon tide.

But half-way through the soup the wind howled again and "Amgo" started ringing up. We do not know who Amgo is or what A.M.G.O. stands for—indeed, we have invented them, and the other authorities in this narrative, to deceive the enemy.

"Amgo" was worried about two or three things. One was the weather and another was pile-driving scows. During dinner, and after dinner, and half the night, we listened, fascinated, to a great many one-sided conversations like this:

"What does 'Powf' say? . . ."

"Yes, but I spoke to 'Powf' five minutes ago. He'd been on to 'Mabo' and 'Mabo' confirmed . . ."

"Pile-driving scows? This is the first I've heard of pile-driving scows."

"Oh, 'Wybar'? Yes, it might be 'Wybar'?"

"The last report said 'Force 6, backing to N.N.W.'"

"'Nudos'? What's he got to do with it?"

"If they expect me to take fourteen pile-driving scows . . ."

"But what about 'Shigpa'?"

"Another report? Can't they make up their minds?"

"Have you told 'Doe'?"

"We shall have to cancel the L.C.T.s."

"And 'Phlam'. And tell 'Nudos' to keep in touch with 'Wybar'."

"I'll see about the scows."

"O.K."

How "Noiks" preserve their digestions and that air of bonhomous calm which is common to them all is a Top Secret. And such proceedings would be instructive to those, if any, who suppose that the work of the Navy in the European War is done.

All night the wind howled with apparent uniformity: but those in

charge of the weather declined to take a firm line about the future. The barometer tumbled, the telephone tinkled. "Noik's" feet pattered up and down the carpetless stairs. All sailings were cancelled. "Amgo" began again about the scows. But about 0400 the absurd weather-men relented and a compromise was reached. The long and narrow-gutted L.C.T.s, with their open wells, not made for such weather, must stay in harbour. But the vessels ordered to come over from "U.K." must now be cancelled too, because you cannot get a quart into a pint pot: and Hitler's Weather has struck one more small but successful blow at British forces far away in Holland.

But our L.C.I.s—flat as a matchbox, too, but full of power and grand sea-boats—could go. So here we are. And now we shall never know what was arranged about the pile-driving scows.

We are a flotilla of seven L.C.I.s, each carrying between 100 and 200 German prisoners. The seven "craft" lay alongside together in the harbour. We stood forward and watched the prisoners, more than a thousand of the "Master Race", embark. We did this deliberately, not in idle curiosity or unworthy gloating; but to test our feelings, to see if we should be sorry for the captives. We know that it is one thing to hate the Hun without ruth at a distance, and another to maintain the absence of ruth in the presence of a wretched individual, defeated, and in uniform (of a sort). And if we weakened how could we blame the troops for fraternizing?

It was a good test too: for there was every temptation to unseemly ruth. We knew not how long these prisoners had been in the big barbed-wire "cage" outside the town, but we did know that it had been raining hard for two days. The prisoners were very wet, and very smelly. They filed down the slippery stairs, stooping, round-shouldered and dirty, very young and quite old, very miscellaneous in every way. They seemed contemptibly small, the Master Race. In all the thousand (and odd) we saw only three that were as tall as we—and we are nothing to boast about in altitude. And none, of course, was so handsome or intelligent. As for their guards, the British Military Police, what tall magnificent men! No doubt, if the Military Police, or we, had been fighting for months, and prisoners for

weeks, we should not have looked our best—we might even have smelt (stunk) not too good. We made all these allowances, but even then we did not think a lot of the Master Race.

Well, they all shambled down the dock-side, and did their jump on to the ship's deck, a jump of three feet or so, increasing as the tide fell and made more awkward and intimidating by a stanchion just below. Many of them funkied it, some of them fell; and our heart was in our mouth. We were afraid that any moment we might be sorry for them. But we weren't. We muttered firmly. "This, perhaps, will teach you to make wars." We muttered also: "You, you scrubby little beast, you walking smell, have, for all we know, been knee-deep in some 'atrocity'. Or, if not, we bet you smashed the lavatory pan in your billets before you left. Therefore we dislike you. And it pleases us to think that in a few minutes, through no fault of ours, you will be extremely sea-sick. This may teach you to start wars."

"We might, we suppose," we muttered again, "if we were a really nice character, reflect impersonally on the wretchedness and degradation to which all wars may bring the individual, and pity you because your Hitler has brought you to this sorry state in this insanitary condition. But, if you think we are thinking that," we finished strongly, "you can think again. What we are thinking is that you, you nasty undersized German, at all material times have *liked* Hitler and enjoyed what he did. So get below, Master Race, and think again."

One of them smiled at us. It was a near thing. But we thought of all the lavatory pans in — and gave him a conqueror's stare.

We got away at last, the ship turning in the narrow space with difficulty and skill. We waved to Amgo, and Nudos, and Powf, and Mabo, and Wybar, and Shigpa, and Phlam. We passed the pier-head and the ship stood on her head. She has been doing this for some hours and there are some hours to go. The smell of Germans and fuel-oil, a fascinating combination, is everywhere. Some of the crew are sick. Two of the Military Police, those fine tall men, are very sick, and they lie, rather green, on the deck, with their Sten guns at alarming angles. The sea, as someone has cleverly said, is a great leveller. But

the sun has come out strongly, the wind is right ahead, and we sit aft on a wet box in the sun, thinking of the Master Race and lavatory pans and thoroughly (we confess) enjoying ourselves.

"The Master Race!" Over there is Arromanches, the great harbour the British made, in storm, under fire, on a foreign shore—the Eighth Wonder of the World. There are the "ducks" and Liberty Ships and L.S.T.s—the grand ingenious vessels the Americans made. Here, heaving beneath us, is the English Channel—English again—a stretch of water that seemed to the *Herrenvolk* so small and insignificant on the maps of Europe. Here, on the bridge, and on the deck about us, are the young amateur sailors who knew what to do about it. Below us are the *Herrenvolk*—who didn't. Hitler, when he comes over, should come in an L.C.I. on a rough—But we expect all this is a bit unChristian.

A. P. H.

• •

Group Captain Peewit Moves His Dependants

Confidential

SIGNAL begins stop Party will steal away from Kilpilkie Lodge 0630 Monday Oct 30 having kissed Aunt Ethel on both cheeks night before and distributed largesse on following scale stop Cook two pounds red-haired woman one pound nameless boy in garden who operated unsuccessfully on Charles bicycle five shillings stop Motor transport to be engaged several days in advance from MacAllister who should be told 0530 in case he develops well-known MacAllister trouble or motor transport develops well-known duodenal trouble stop Tickets will also be arranged well in advance in case station staff at Auchtercrum enjoying his rest period Oct 30 stop Steam transport billed to arrive Auchtercrum 0700 going S.W. direction stop As all three carriages permanently crammed soldiery asleep in 10/10ths stale smoke general advance should be made towards guards van at same time as three repeat three shillings suitably exhibited in Mrs Peewit's palm stop Should guard still impede advance exhibition should be stepped up to five repeat five shillings but beyond that point party will rely on charm and/or brute force stop Each member including dog Goebbels to be provided with iron ration of easily digested food cold haggis barred repeat barred this time

after last time stop Add clean literature stop Add clean handkerchief stop Add clean duster outsize with which Mrs Peewit can maintain poise when Robert is sick stop According to reliable statistics this should occur between Kirkmuulloch and Duntweed stop One member of party suggest Elspeth to be made responsible for ensuring correct behaviour on part of dog Goebbels whose sabotage of valuable military property in guards van earlier in year endangered mental stability of high-ranking officer and may who knows have held up second front stop Estimated time arrival Wenderby Junction 1000 hours in theory but in practice much nearer opening time stop Impediments plus dog Goebbels if acceptable to be handed over to left luggage and receipt placed in Mrs Peewit's purse without prejudice in presence of whole party before sortie on actual wapentake of Wenderby stop Baedeker speaks well of almshouses Wenderby also of tattered remnants of fourteenth century blow-hole but suggest party should concentrate on refuelling in limited time at disposal stop For this purpose recommend Rose and Crown in Quarry Street where roast and two veg of reasonably high octane obtainable stop Mention of name of Peewit to waiter with moustache turning down repeat down should produce good dividend as once stationed in those parts in palmier days before encumbered with young stop If face remains blank inquiry should be made as to what happened to Air Vice Marshal's boots in 1929 stop On way from and to bahnhof habitual critical comments on municipal architecture should be restrained within earshot of pop as Wenderby to a man proud of town hall stop Baedeker gives pop as five thousand four hundred so policy of appeasement unquestionably prudent stop Having redeemed baggage pacified dog Goebbels and it is earnestly hoped avoided pitfall of boarding similar train leaving similar station at similar time but in reverse direction party will be steamborne again at 1300 stop As guards van on this leg of journey incorruptibly out of bounds each member of party must be entirely responsible for fighting own way into corridor and there establishing by all means permitted by Hague and Queensberry Conventions cubic breathing space sufficient to maintain vital spark stop Courage pertinacity will to win plus generous disregard of social niceties will be required in large measure stop Once position secured communication with rest of party should be resumed if possible and pains

taken to alleviate any temporary illwill in corridor stop Very heavy note begins stop On pain of financial sanctions Charles will not repeat not recount ugly details of Borstal career such as caused old lady to pull cord in Bath express nor will Elspeth enlarge on recent experiences in leper colony stop Shooting lines in this category may seem bang on at time but unless discontinued will one day cause Peewit prestige to prang irretrievably stop Very heavy note ends stop Refreshment charitably so-called obtainable from blonde lady wearing bullet-proof pince-nez in tea-bar on down platform at Plumstock-on-Dibble where headlong progress arrested for five minutes around 1600 stop Recommend flying leaps during run-in by male members of party who should endeavour nourish female members through window stop Last reconnaissance showed blonde lady pushing line of grey music-hall sandwiches reinforced with spotted pink linoleum specially ripened at company's expense in glass cloches on counter stop Answer as always piece of cake stop As landing party will probably be left behind names should be printed legibly on collars and notes placed in pockets offering small reward to finder returning stop Survivors of day if any scheduled arrive Gwylchrwst 2110 hours stop Party urgently begged decent itself there and not repeat not at Grwstwylch stop This is not the same place at all and false step of these dimensions in Welsh countryside at dead of night quite irremediable stop Am arranging for ox-cart to meet and convey party to Kia-Ora Cottage where furnished by druidical remains at only six guineas the week party will pass what is left of duration uncomplainingly or else stop If G/C Peewit out supervizing war L.A.C. Rumble easily recognizable by retractable eyeballs and variable pitch accent will be instructed extend modest welcome stop May good fortune attend operation stop It will be needed every bit of it stop Mrs Peewit strongly urged take spare fiver stop Add bottle chloroform stop Signal ends stop

CIRCULATION:

Mrs Peewit (action)

Stationmasters: Auchtercrum, Wenderby Junction, Gwylchrwst and Grwstwylch

R.S.P.C.A.

N.S.P.C.C.

Editor "Deeds that Won The Victoria Cross" Series

Minister of War Transport

Group Captain Peewit (orig.)

ERIC.

At the Play

"MERRIE ENGLAND" (WINTER GARDEN)

MUSIC by Sir EDWARD GERMAN. Yes, but who wrote the libretto? Who made this flight upon the banks of Thames and brought together a soaring *Elizabeth*, a baritone *Essex*, and a tenor *Raleigh* in a May-Day revel, a Tudor free-for-all? Whose are the lyrics, the lyrics of England? While the composer is honoured, the librettist is allowed to fade. We still have Gilbert-and-Sullivan but not, it would seem, Hood-and-German. The Winter Garden programme ignores the name and fame of BASIL HOOD just as it omits the name of the present producer.

The omissions tell their own story. The piece, all-British, all-GERMAN, is now to rest upon its celebrated score, untarnished after more than forty years. In this revival book and production—here reduced to a system of orthodox manœuvres—count for little. The music (Mr. HERBERT LODGE is the conductor) remains triumphant, and for the most part it is worthily sung. Indeed, the first-night audience, insisting upon that strain again, could not have enough of "The English Rose" and Mr. WALTER MIDGLEY's admirable tenor. Mr. REGINALD GIBBS (equipped with the lusty fanfare "The Yeomen of England"), Miss GLADYS PALMER in *Elizabeth's* aria, Miss CONSTANCE STOCKER (*Jill-all-Alone*, with cat complete), Miss VICTORIA CAMPBELL (*Bessie Throckmorton*)—these see that none of the famous songs is blurred. On the other hand the book—except when Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY is about—is left to its fate. The lines are spoken clearly: that is all. Presumably we are to bear with them as inevitable interruptions to the score.

Yet, for those who value tradition, Hood's libretto must always be a likeable survival, a collector's piece of light operatic tushery (style Savoy Tudor, 1902). This was the post-Gilbertian Savoy. There were fewer acrobatics. HOOD never stood on

his head. He remained both upright and forthright, and a trifle solemn; the humour in *Merrie England* smacks of the midnight oil. But HOOD was a conscientious craftsman. He got nearly everything in—Windsor Castle in the background, a carefully laid-out heart-of-oak plot, maids of honour and foresters, patriotic songs and hey nonny nonny, *Queen Bess* as a lady of the barge afloat on a full tide of melody, and pages murmuring "The jest likes me well," or crying "Odds-fish!" (Surely an echo from the

lyricists who neither rhyme nor presume to scan. Mr. HAWTREY, a deft and good-humoured *Wilkins*, always lets us hear the words, notably in that fishy business "King Neptune sat on his lonely throne." Those who do not reject honest workmanship in the now outmoded old-and-cosie idiom may find that the jest likes them well. At any rate, HOOD's name might return to the programme beneath that of the all-conquering and all-melodious GERMAN.

J. C. T.

"TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)

This is one of Mr. SHAW's oddest capers. He is perfectly frank with us. After people have laughed for an hour, he explains, they must be serio-comically entertained for the next hour and then—when they are tired of not being wholly serious—given the torrent of sermons they need. "My play is arranged accordingly."

The fantasia is a challenging choice for the opening of a new Shaw season at Hammersmith. Its people are among the less familiar in the Shavian crowd: we do not often meet the animated microbe, the chambermaid-nurse-adventuress and burglar-parson, the Bunyan-inspired sergeant and sententious anchorite, and the private soldier who seems to stand for T. E. Lawrence. Faced with this extraordinary work, not so much a conversation piece as a short course of lectures on the medical profession, post-war youth, religious

doubt, and any other subject that catches the author's roving fancy, the cast could have been pardoned for faltering. But Miss ELLEN POLLOCK, who appeared as *Sweetie* at the New Theatre twelve years ago, knows the ropes both as actress and producer. Although her players slur some of the eloquence—about nine o'clock Mr. SHAW becomes very eloquent indeed—they lose little of the comedy in the villa bedroom or in the debates of the blithe sea beach. If Mr. MICHAEL GOLDEN does not fully bring off the last oration—this is SHAW at his finest and wisest—elsewhere he manages to shoot the rapids with a pleasant ease and balance.

J. C. T.



HIGH SPIRITS

Earl of Essex	MR. REGINALD GIBBS
Queen Elizabeth	MISS GLADYS PALMER
Walter Wilkins.	MR. CHARLES HAWTREY
Jill-all-Alone	MISS CONSTANCE STOCKER
Long Tom	MR. EDWARD DYKES

Restoration side of Wardour Street? The Merry Monarch rather than Merrie England?) There are elaborate cues for song, equally elaborate quips on chess and Latin grammar ("Love may be a verb, conjugated thus . . ." sighs the romantic *Raleigh*), and a chartered funny man who calls himself "poet—and chief player in Will Shakespeare's company." In short, a mock-Tudor hoard which, for completeness, needs only Drake and either the bowls on Plymouth Hoe or *Elizabeth's* oration at Tilbury.

The lyrics are another matter. These are school-of-Gilbert, confidently wrought in a good traditional style and a pattern for more casual modern



"Carry on, Ducks, it's only Mabel!"

Settled Down

THE private hotel in which I had temporarily come to anchor was a period piece—a period that in a few years' time, in the era between the second and third world wars, the more advanced decorators would enthusiastically collect, choreographers would laboriously reconstruct; and here was I gloomily dozing away regardless in a unique example. No detail was missing. It was perfect. Not one object of beauty had been allowed to wreck the harmony. The good, the solid and the durable triumphed. Chairs were upholstered in carpet, windows veiled in plush and lace, the tables were bamboo, the chairs mahogany tortured into intemperate curves. There were brackets of pierced sandalwood and whatnots embellished with poker-work, there were screens from Japan and brass trays from Benares, there was grotesque glazed pottery, jorums encrusted with shapeless roses and bulging with real live aspidistras; pictures, fans,

photographs and musical instruments smothered the walls, while a profligate display of plates of every size and shape ringed the ebonized overmantel with careful asymmetry. Dominating the profusion of ornaments on the mantelpiece stood a monumental black marble clock, indestructible tombstone of Taste, lately dead after a long and painful illness.

But soon I was to move. For I was settled.

Armed with experience of past errors, with an infinite knowledge of hostesses and landladies, of according each the privileges due to the other, of appreciating their kindness in permitting one to occupy a shelf in the tool-shed at a trifling number of guineas a week, ready to pour out fulsome gratitude for their benevolence and long-suffering as one filled in the counterfoil of one's cheque-book, to swear one didn't mind a bit the bus being two miles off, and one never had a bath anyway.

I knew all the tricks. How to get a lump of coal silently on to the fire while one's hostess was on the telephone, gradually to turn off the wireless while one's host had dropped off, to smuggle a towel to the wash on which the hands of little Tommy had been hastily dried . . . But evacuees, as members of the Maquis, have their secrets, slyness is second nature to us: far be it from me to reveal the methods.

This time, however, I had found perfection. I could come out into the open. Clean, cheap, and comfortable. Scalding water, an electric fire, a smiling maid, children encouraged and tricycles a welcome addition to the hall. A beautiful pavement to step out upon, a pillar-box at the door, the papers delivered, buses galore, a profusion of shops, a cobbler who would really take one's shoes, a school, a park, a . . .

I knew how it would be; just as I got settled the war would go and end.



"I wonder how the seventh Earl of Sandwich would have reacted to this vilification?"

Our Booking-Office (By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Emile Cammaerts

IN *The Flower of Grass* (THE CRESSET PRESS, 6/-), Monsieur EMILE CAMMAERTS, the Belgian poet and historian, examines the present condition of the world in the light of his own development from humanism to Catholic Christianity. "I have come to think," he says, "that most of the mistakes made by human society during the last four hundred years . . . are due to the fact that man, instead of God, was placed in the centre of the universe." As a youth he worshipped nature, and his heroes were Michael Angelo, Rabelais and Shakespeare, the standard-bearers of the Renaissance which, he was taught to believe, had brought back art and intellect to a world darkened by the brutality and superstition of the Middle Ages. From Rousseau he accepted the idea that man was naturally good, and like many of his youthful contemporaries supposed that the French Revolution was only the prelude to a revolution which would finally establish the kingdom of heaven on earth. "The conquests of Science," he says, "the exploration of the remotest regions of the world, the triumphs of democracy were sure omens of its coming." Now, towards the close of a long life which has included two world-wars, and after many experiences, briefly but vividly touched on in these pages, he has returned to the fifteenth century as the age in which European civilization reached its highest point, "on the Christian formula of 'God made Man"'; since when, he says, "it has weakened more and more rapidly on the

formula of 'Man made God.'" With the author's view that the secular religions of the last four hundred years have been so many will-o'-the-wisps leading Europe into morass after morass, many of his readers will agree. But it is not, as Monsieur CAMMAERTS seems to think, a necessary corollary of this view that Europe was on firm ground during the centuries which experienced the Hundred Years War and the spoliation of the Templars and the Jacquerie and the Black Death. The Middle Ages, according to Monsieur CAMMAERTS, were characterized by "the subordination of man's interest to the authority of God." Like G. K. Chesterton, by whom he has been greatly influenced, Monsieur CAMMAERTS regards even the purest of his pre-orthodox enthusiasms with suspicion. He has become a theologian for whom there can be no revelation of the divine through nature or poetry or even the visions of mystics, unless they are "based on sound doctrine."

H. K.

One-and-Twenty Stories

Apart from its brief rescue, after the last war, by the genius of C. E. Montague, the English short story has not tended to improve since the day of Henry James, Stevenson and Hardy. Now a righteous plea for its restoration as "an exquisite art form" preludes the twenty-one examples collected in *The Toc H Gift Book* (MULLER, 8/6); and Miss HILDA HUGHES, who is responsible for writing one story and editing the rest, has wisely "held high the banner of the ideal" in her preface while embodying typical examples of the modern short story in her selection. The book's first purpose is to furnish funds for the Toc H War Service Clubs; and a better object more practically furthered it would be difficult to find. It is hardly the editor's fault that the macabre is pushed, by clever contributors like Lady Cynthia Asquith and Mr. Rhys Davies, to deadening extremes or that few attempt to keep alive the Chaucerian bonhomie of the W. W. Jacobs school. Only Mr. Robert H. Hill's waterside idyll and Lord Dunsany's *Punch* extravaganza of Partition exhibit kindness and humour in conjunction. Among the remainder—and how rich and varied a remainder!—are a characteristic De la Mare, a specially bequeathed Hugh Walpole and a slight but distinguished sketch by G. M. Attenborough.

H. P. E.

Fumed Oak

Reading Mr. C. E. VULLIAMY is one way of learning English social history. The addition of *Dr. Philligo* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 12/6) to his gallery of fictitious diarists brings the picture up to the end of last century. It is an amusing picture, more, perhaps, because of the public events that appear in it than for the character of the diarist. Mr. VULLIAMY's purpose requires him to endow his creature with a wide-seeing eye—for this reason the curious and sceptical country doctor is a better choice than Mr. Polderoy—but the diarist's conveniently catholic interests make him much harder to establish as a person. He has freaks, of course—likes to play the flute out of doors, does not hesitate to shock the parson, is troubled by an unusually silly and ugly present (two stuffed monkeys in a cast-iron palm-tree with a lamp on top), and is entertained by his womenfolk. Yet it is not real jam, only jam about the instructive pill, and really—one grumbles ungratefully—the pill might be taken more commodiously without the jam. Now that Mr. VULLIAMY has dealt with the Victorian age so well, let him deal faithfully with the Victorians. Troubled by all this imitation, one takes down the Amherst Papers again, and there is Mr. VULLIAMY's true receipt—intelligent people, interested in

affairs but not all affairs, with a sense of humour but with strong feelings, too, that are frequently too much for it. . . . If we are to have imitation, it might as well be art. It is such a bore to be always amused.

J. S.

Asiatic Test Case

The future of the peoples of South-East Asia, from Burma to New Guinea, can be looked at either as a field for capitalist strategy or a testing-ground for principle. In the reasoned hope that the latter view may prevail, Mr. BRUNO LASKER, of the American Council of Pacific Relations and an authority on the *Peoples of South-East Asia* (GOLLANCZ, 10/6), has surveyed their past, present and possible future in a particularly vivid and well-informed book. He steers clear of political innuendo by dwelling on exploitation rather from the native's angle than the capitalist's. But the line of demarcation between peasant and industrialist lying, as he says, between farming for yourself and farming for other people, he insists that the colonial age has introduced the native into a world gamble in which he, the native, gets all the worst cards. If the future is to see him industrialized, it must be on equal terms with labour elsewhere, especially under the major heads of education and health amenities. His own most recent tendency, however, is to develop on his own lines. The best British, Dutch and American administration has furthered this end, which should be, Mr. LASKER proposes, the economic, cultural and political object of a standing international council.

H. P. E.

The Immemorial West

The text and illustrations of this delightful book (*The Silent Traveller in Oxford*: METHUEN, 16/-) are both by Mr. CHIANG YEE, who gives to Oxford the delicate and remote charm which an Englishman might find in the buildings and inhabitants of an ancient Chinese town. Compared with some of Mr. CHIANG's plates, such as "Peaceful Lake in Youlbury Ground" and "Lapwings Over Merton Field," even Matthew Arnold's lyrical apostrophe to Oxford seems rather cautious and matter-of-fact. After looking at the Shelley Memorial in University College, which he calls "a testimony to the admirable English capacity for correcting their faults," Mr. CHIANG reflected on the small esteem felt by the Chinese for poets, who "have always been regarded as either fools or madmen . . . bad-tempered, with peculiar habits and no knowledge of how to live." The inscrutability which Europeans find in the Chinese Mr. CHIANG found in the manager and assistants at the showrooms of the Oxford University Press—"Why," he asks, "should the faces of these men always look so controlled and expressionless?" There is a good deal of movement in his pages, for example, a snow fight between two groups of small boys, who were using dust-bin lids as shields. But the chief fascination of the book is in such pictures of still life as "So much snow had fallen that the low meadow had been raised to the level of the footpath. . . . It seemed that the earth had been lifted closer to the sky, its surface broadened, and distant objects brought into clearer view."

H. K.

Mediterranean Puzzle

In the introduction to his book, *Under Cunningham's Command* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 8/6), Commander GEORGE STITT, R.N., lets slip the great truth and secret of our naval supremacy. He writes that when, in the summer of 1940, Europe lay in the ruins of despair, "on the edge

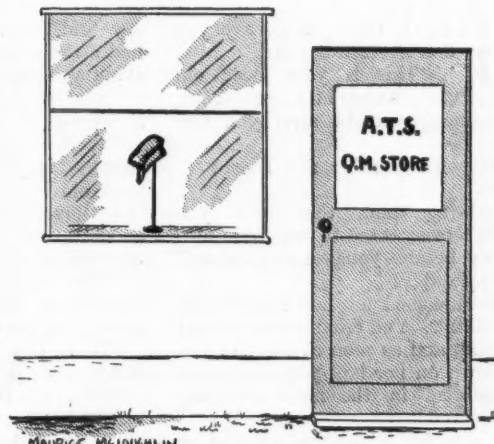
of those ruins there burned a fierce faith—that faith, steeled by tradition, which has for ever inspired the ships of Britain's Navy." He describes, among some of the immense difficulties that beset Admiral Cunningham in his Mediterranean Command, the necessity of protecting the Middle East oilfields, protecting and maintaining distant armies, and making a base at Alexandria, nine hundred miles from the Italian mainland, while facing both numerical and speed superiority of enemy ships. The most thrilling chapter is an account of the last through convoy which was joined by H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth*, and the most amusing tells of the many exploits of a captured enemy schooner, whose cockney cook manned a gun till he ran out of ammunition and threw his tin hat at a passing Heinkel. The whole is a tribute to the leadership of Admiral Cunningham, whose maxim was "Attack, attack, and again attack!" and who did so until he was able to signal, "Be pleased to inform their Lordships that the Italian Battlefleet now lies at anchor beneath the guns of the fortress of Malta."

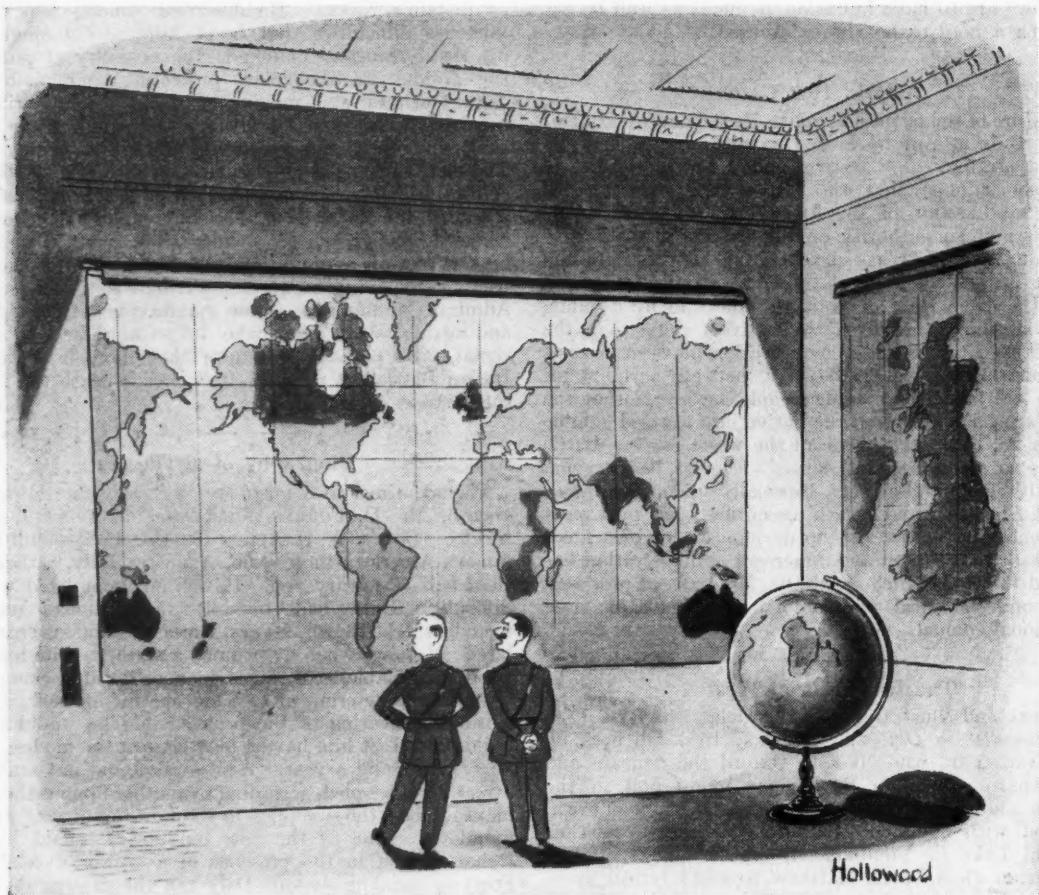
B. E. B.

Biography of a Theatre

Playgoers in two hemispheres will welcome the appearance of Mr. D. FORBES-WINSLOW's history of a famous theatre—*Daly's* (W. H. ALLEN AND CO., 15/6)—built for the famous American impresario, Augustin Daly, rather more than half a century ago. It was not completed without difficulty. Daly had brought his famous company, including Ada Rehan, several times to London, creating a large following: when he planned a sixth visit he found no theatre available, so being a man of decided energy and initiative he determined to build one for himself. George Edwardes, hearing of the project, said he would do the building and let him have a long lease at the modest rental of five thousand a year. A site was found in Cranbourne Street, then peopled, according to another famous theatrical manager, by "the sweepings of the Low Countries," and the foundation-stone of the new building was laid by Ada Rehan herself in the presence of a crowd of celebrities. For two dazzling seasons Daly ran the theatre that bore his name: then George Edwardes took command. The bulk of the book is concerned with the long list of successful musical comedies which he produced. A book of this kind is naturally rather apt to become a mere catalogue of names, but Mr. FORBES-WINSLOW has introduced some good stories and a fine collection of theatrical photographs.

L. W.





"Do you mean to tell me you've never noticed that there are two Australias?"

This Talking at Breakfast

HULLO, Peter, don't say you don't remember me."

"This is your dear old nanny, Peter; the one I told you about, who came last night after you had gone to bed."

"Do you remember me, Peter?"

"No."

"And to think that once you wouldn't even come to *me*, your own mummy, because you preferred nanny."

"Why did I?"

"Because she knew how to hold you, and I didn't. You cried louder when I took you, and as soon as she laid you face down on her lap, you just cooed and gurgled in the most annoying way."

"It is rather misleading, old girl, to

say 'old' nanny. That suggests we had a *new* one. Nanny left us flat. I think you should say 'late' nanny."

"And what exactly is the difference, fuss-pot?"

"Well, I can best compare it, I suppose, by referring to Carl Fisk as your old lover, whereas he was your 'late' lover from the moment I came on the scene, and very nearly 'late' in the most gloomy sense."

"Who was Carl Fisk, mummy?"

"A man with a long black moustache; and people hissed him."

"It is just a little fairy-story of daddy's, Peter."

"Was he a German?"

"All but."

"When I decided that I wanted to

have you, Peter, I had to decide who would make the best daddy. I was not going to accept the first old tramp who came along."

"Nor, I hope, the last."

"Well, your daddy was the *second*."

"I like tramps."

"Carl Fisk was much too well dressed to be a tramp, Peter."

"This is all very boring for nanny, darling, and I do think it is extremely rude."

"Don't mind me, Mrs. Crunden. Carl Fisk always came into the conversation whenever Mr. Crunden was being beaten in an argument."

"Peter, this is your nice old nanny, and she has come to see how you have grown up."

"And whether you are like Carl Fisk, or me."

"Darling!"

"No thanks to her that you have grown up."

"Please, darling!"

"A more disgraceful act than nanny's in leaving us at the crisis of our lives to go on some pretentious mission to Canada, under the guise of war work, just because they gave her a silly-looking uniform . . . knowing, as she did, that you would howl for her all night, and knowing about my nervous breakdown . . ."

"I think you used to announce that you were going to have a nervous breakdown, Mr. Crunden, any morning that things did not exactly go your way . . ."

"Or if we woke you out of your sleep on Sunday afternoon."

"Then you were going to cut your throat in the bathroom at four o'clock. Just because you knew I wanted to have a bath."

"I don't know how you have the face to come back, nanny, really I don't. No thanks to you the boy is not cross-eyed, knock-kneed, and backward."

"Darling, it is humiliating enough to have been told all through the first year of Peter's life that I might be very good at winter sports but had not the slightest idea how to hold a baby, without your pretending that but for the grace of God, and the wind behind, Peter would have absolutely passed out."

"I simply said . . ."

"Take one look at your son. For the last three years I have handled him without interference of any nanny. . . ."

"Because one was unobtainable."

"In spite of rationing, no one to wash clothes, a beastly husband, and such poverty that I could not even have my hair done. Nanny will notice how the years have treated me."

"But darling, you are marvellous. Everyone knows you are the prettiest and youngest mother . . ."

"Then it would do no harm to say so, instead of giving the impression that because nanny went to war work Peter had to grow up an undersized freak."

"What is a freak, mummy?"

"Your daddy is."

"This is most embarrassing for nanny, darling."

"You should have thought of that before."

"I don't see that either of you need to defend yourselves. The point is, surely, that Peter doesn't remember me."

"But he does, nanny. Don't you, Peter?"

"No."

"You don't remember her calling you Buttony-Bin?"

"Or telling you a story every night about Mr. Collywobble?"

"No."

"Oh, don't be so tiresome, Peter."

"To think that I should have lived to see the day when any son of mine . . ."

"What do you mean by 'any' son?"

"Listen, Peter, shall we go for a walk in the garden together, and see just how much we can remember, you and I?"

"No."

"Wouldn't you like to hear just a little more about Mr. Collywobble?"

"I want to hear more about Carl Fisk."

"Now I see that I married a fool."

"I hope nanny sees what a fool *she* was to go into munitions."

"It was not munitions, Mr. Crunden. Massage."

"Peter, don't be so naughty. Nanny has come a long way to see what a nice little boy you have grown up while mummy looked after you all alone."

"Now, Peter, will you be a good boy and remember Mr. Collywobble?"

"If I remember Mr. Collywobble, can I hear more about Carl Fisk?"

"If you do not remember Mr. Collywobble we shall send you to live with Carl Fisk."

"I think I remember nanny, mummy. She had a very funny nightgown."

• •

We Prepare for Peace

By Smith Minor

WHEN will peace come? Who can wot? My own wot is that it won't be jest yet, but Green's wot is that one never knows and that it may be here with a sudden swoop before you read this articke.

"I don't mean I think it will," he said, "but what I mean is that we ouht to be ready for anything. We weren't ready for the beginning of the war, so let's jolly well be ready for the end of it."

"Come to that, I am ready for the end of it," I said.

"What have you done?" he said.

"I've bought a flag, and I've written a poem for Peace Day called 'Hale Ye, Peace!'" I said.

He asked me to show him the flag, but not the poem, and he had to admit the flag was a winner, in fact it's so large that I thort of useing it as a cloak and resciting the poem in it. But

Green said that wasn't what he had meant.

"Then what did you mean?" I said.

"I mean we ouht to do something really Big," he said, "something that wuold be worthy of the occashun."

"You mean like endoughing a hospital," I said.

"Yes, or having a statue of Montgomery," he said.

"That wuold cost a lot," I said, I once having wanted a statue made of a white cat I'd been rather fond of and that in a way had died for its country by being run over by an army lorry, but finding the statue wuold cost as much as 80 cats. "I shuoldn't think we cuold raze enoufh for more than a cupple of Monty's fingers."

"How much can you raze?" he said.

"I can raze 2/7," I said.

"And I can raze a penny stamp," he said, "so what we'll have to do, young Smith, is to start a Fund and see how much we can get, and when we know how much we've got, then we'll deside what to do with it."

I agreead that this seemed sensible.

Well, after a bit of swot we worked out the folowing notice, whic we wrote out fourteen times, that was the swot, and hung in fourteen places. Our idea was not to miss anybody wherever they went. We didn't realy think anything wuold come of it, at least, I didn't, but, well, anyway, you'll see what happened if you go on, and this was the notice:

PREPAIR FOR PEACE FUND!

What are YOU going to do when Peace comes? Jest waive a flag? Or something BIGGER and NOBLER? If the former we are sorry for you, but if the latter, then LO! Here is your chance! Join the P.F.P.F.! How? As follows:

(1) Coleckt all the money you can in any way you can from whoever you can.

(2) Bring it to the Sports Pavillion next Thursday at 5.15 P.M.

(3) It will be desided then what to do with it.

(4) The Targate Figure is what-ever we get.

Well, my guess was that we'd be lucky if the Targate Figure turned out to be as much as ten bob—but quelle bloomeur!

To our surprize, poeple swarmed round the notices like whasps round treacle, and for the next six days, it being six days to the meating, everybody went at it like hammars and tongues. Of corsce, I did too, and my

own Targate Figure, let alone the others, nocked me flat! This is what I razed, and also how, or not:

My rather ill aunt ..	£1	1	0(!)
Four other ones ..	4	0	
A policeman ..		3	
A cyclist I stope ..		6	
Another cyclist I stope ..		0	
Finding a cow ..		0	
Sweeping leaves for old ladies ..	3	8	
Sale of my Peace Poem, 13 copies ..	1	1	
In hat, for resciting same ..		0	
For ditto on my head in hat ..	4	2	
What I started with ..	2	7	
	£1	17	3

Well, if this nocked me flat, when the day of the meating came along and the Grand Targate Figure was read out, 37 boys were nocked flatter, becorse the amount we had all of us colected together was, you'd better take a breth, £51.0.2!! One jest could'n beleive it!

The sums rainged from the £2.11.8 (beating mine) of a boy called Perkins to the 4½d. of a boy called Clockwistle. I felt a bit sorry for Clockwistle when his 4½d. was read out becorse there were some titters, and severel of the boys encluding Perkins seamed *un peu* scornful, and you cuold spot that Clockwistle felt it by the way he sat so still looking as miserable as a hen with roup or croup. I know hens get one and babies the other, but I always forget wich is wich. Anyhow Clockwistle looked as if he'd got both.

Well, when the chears had died

down we started to deside what to do with this Vast Sum, and Green told them what he and I had thort of so far, i.e., endough a hospital or have as much of a statue of Montgommery as £51.0.2 wuold cover. If it wuoldn't cover all of him it ouht to cover him down to the neck wich is often all you get.

Then Green asked for other suggestions, and there were some pretty hot ones. One was a slap-up Peace Feast, another was to turn the £51.0.2 into 12,254 pennies or 49,016 farthings and to throw them to the crowds, another was a Firework Desplay ending up with two firework pictures of the King and Hitler, the King growing brighter and brighter wile Hitler got dimmer and dimmer till it went out with a pop, and another being to send the lot to Mr. Churchill. The last idea was Perkins's, and after he'd sugested it he said, looking at Clockwistle wile he said it,

"Of corse, we'd enclose a list of all our names with the amounts wich each one has given."

Everybody cheered but Clockwistle, and you cuold see in a twinck they liked the idea, in fact it looked as if Churchill was going to win in a decanter, as they say. But all at once, to everybody's surprize, Clockwistle chipped in, and said,

"Dose he nead it?"

We were surprised becorse this was the first thing he'd said the whole time, and nobody realy expeckted him to say anything. After a bit of a silience Perkins said,

"Oh, and who asked you for *your* opinyon, young Clockwistle?"

"Come, Perkins," I said, wanting

to be fair, "aren't we all giving our opinyons?"

"Some have more right than others," said Perkins.

"Not in a free country," I said, "where we are all equal."

"I see," said Perkins. "If one person gives, say £2.11.8 to a fund and another person gives, say, 4½d., they're equal."

Then Clockwistle went all red and white and he jumped up and said,

"No, they're not, I know that, and I ouhntn't realy to of given anything at all becorse my father's lost his job and my mother's ill and this has got to be my last term as we can't afford the fees any more, but I did want to feal I'd done something, so I raked up the 4½d."

And then the young ass began blubbing and rushed away.

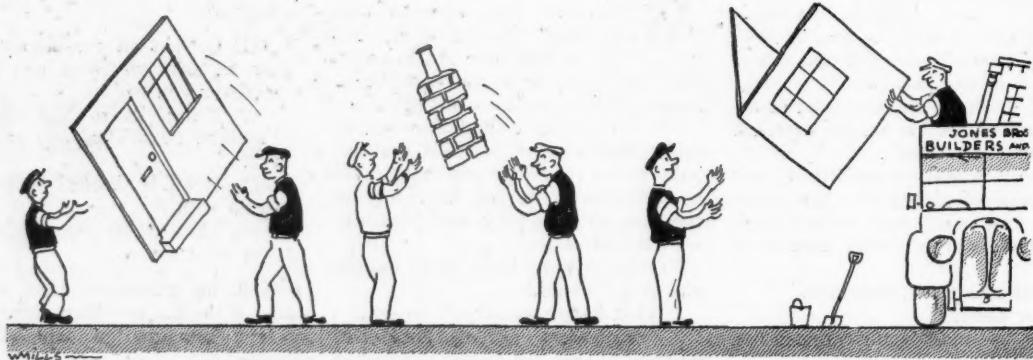
Well, after that there was another sillence, and then Perkins gave us an even bigger surprize than Clockwistle had.

"Come to think of it," he said, "I don't supose old Churchill dose realy need the money as much as, well, say, Clockwistle. So, well, chaps, what about it?"

We put it to the vote, and it was carried what they call nemb. comb., and we sent the £51.0.2 to Clockwistle's family. We felt sure Mr. Churchill wuoldn't mind.

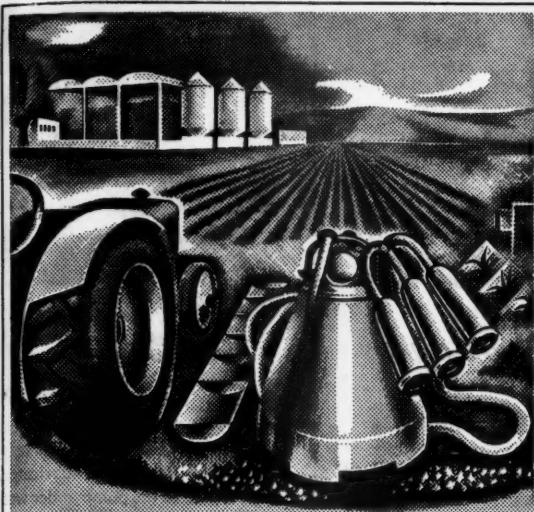
But don't worry. We've started another Prepair For Peace Fund, and we're going to keep it open till the day aktually arrives.

And, beleive it or not, we've already worked it up to £9.2.8, Clockwistle topping the list with £3, he wuold do it.



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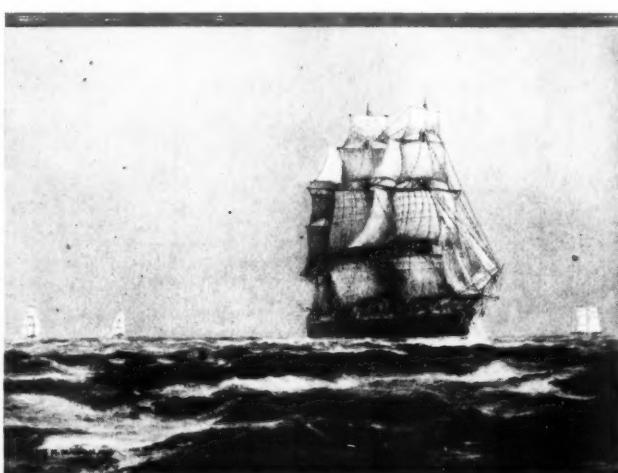
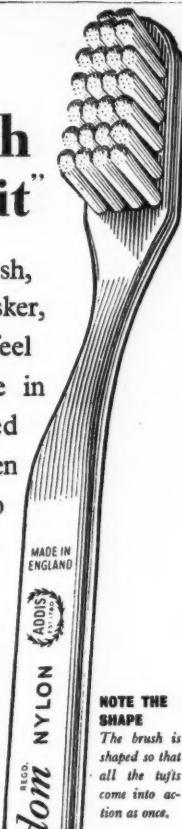
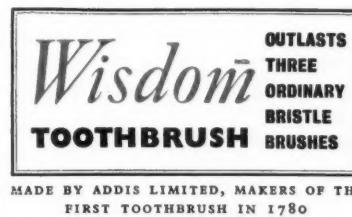
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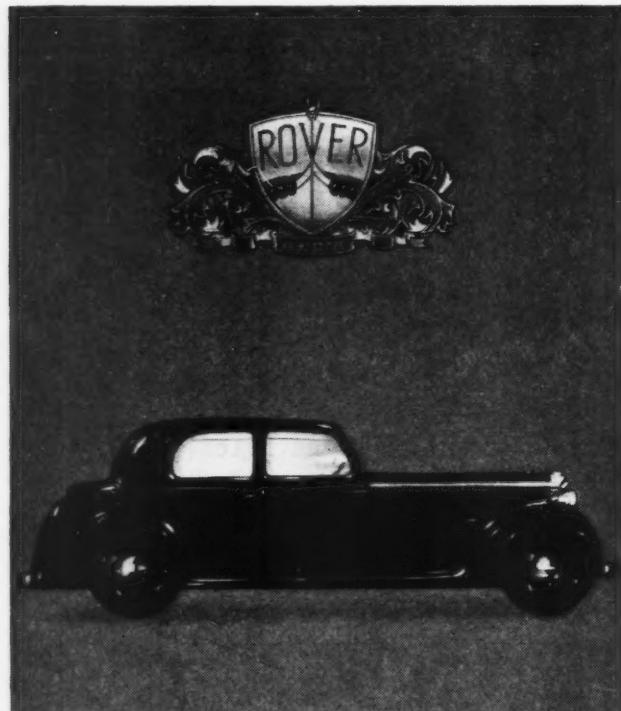
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